

Coffee Wars by marsisaplanet

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canada, Alternate Universe - Road Trip, Dutch Bros, Fluff, M/M, Starbucks, Tim Hortons, caffeine fueled gays, entirely different, i love how Canada is marked as an AU, just gays being gays, like it's its own thing, not a country

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon/Stamley Uris

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-05

Updated: 2019-12-05

Packaged: 2019-12-17 16:39:21

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,123

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

They had been playing UNO, which was a terrible idea to begin with, when Bill arrived with coffee for the Losers to share. Thus, the debate began.

Or: The Losers have a debate about what the best coffee chain is and they go on a road trip to solve the dilemma.

Happy Birthday Sam!!!

Coffee Wars

Author's Note:

- For [bi_school_musical](#).

They had been playing UNO, which was a terrible idea to begin with, when Bill arrived with coffee for the Losers to share. Thus, the debate began.

“Oh my god, you’re so wrong!” Richie hollered, his hands smacking on the wooden coffee table in front of him. “Tim Hortons is nowhere near the best coffee chain. What the fuck is wrong with you?”

“We live in Vancouver, Richard!” Stan yelled from across the table. “You’re being unpatriotic. How dare you say that Tim Hortons isn’t the best. And during roll-up the rim season! What the fuck is wrong with *you* ?” Stan poked Richie’s chest to emphasize the last word.

“G-guys,” Bill said, pushing Richie and Stan gently apart. “Let’s j-just all agree that n-nothing will beat small c-classical cafes.”

“Shut the fuck up Bill!” Richie and Stan yelled at the same time.

“Jinx,” Eddie called from the couch, sipping his latte and watching the drama unfold before him.

“Pretentious fucking writer,” Richie grumbled before turning his head to look Stan dead in the eye.

“Dutch Bros!” he shouted. “Dutch, motherfucking brothers!”

“I agree with Richie,” Eddie sighed. “Nothing will beat a sugary artificial freeze that stains your tongue neon blue. God, I miss America.”

“Yeah,” Beverly replied, shuffling through her cards. “Sorry Stanny, but Dutch Bros for the win. The only good thing about Timmy’s is Tim Bits.” Stan began to splutter.

“It’s roll up the rim season!” he shouted.

“No one ever wins anything from roll up the rim!” Beverly exclaimed, throwing her hands in the air.

“Tell that to the gift card and the twelve coffees I’ve won!” Stan yelled back, pulling his wallet out and shoving a Tim Hortons gift card in Beverly’s face for good measure.

“Guys,” Ben interrupted, ever the peacemaker. “Why are we even having this argument?”

“Cause Bill brought us shitty coffee!” Everyone yelled at the same time.

“Starbucks is convenient okay!” Bill protested.

“What happened to small indie cafes,” Mike smirked as he drew a card from the deck.

“Well I m-mean” Bill began to splutter.

“You’re a fake fan!” Richie crowed before continuing his stare down with Stan. “Admit it, no one is on your side.”

“Okay, not true,” Mike interjected. “Timmys is a million times better than Dunkin, Starbucks, or literally any other chain that sells cold pastries along with their shitty coffee.”

“Yeah but it’s not the best,” Eddie said, his nose wrinkled.

“Okay,” Ben said, sitting down next to Beverly and throwing an arm over her shoulder. “Let’s consider the options.”

“We’ve got Beverly, Richie, and Eddie’s pick of Dutch Bros which honestly matches each of their personalities more than it should..” Ben said with a shudder as he came to that realization.

“There’s Mike and Stan who think that Tim Hortons is the only decent breakfast chain.” Mike sent a wink Stan’s way causing the blonde to blush.

“And then you’ve got Bill who is claiming small businesses but we all know he likes Starbucks so that’s where we’re putting his vote.” Bill began to protest.

“W-we don’t even kn-now where your v-vote is going!” He exclaimed.

“I’m team Starbucks,” Ben said with a shrug, shocking everyone in the room. Beverly’s mouth was wide open as she stared at her boyfriend. “What?” he asked. “It’s convenient and I like frappuccinos.”

“I can’t believe you,” Beverly grumbled under her breath. Bill let out a sigh.

“Th-there’s only one way to s-settle this.” Bill said, standing up in front of the rest of the Losers.

“How?” Mike asked, taking a loud and deliberate sip of his coffee.

“We h-have a taste test.” Eddie and Richie locked eyes with one another before yelling at the top of their lungs:

“Road trip!”

*

“Okay,” Ben began as they stood outside of Starbucks. “Each person

gets one medium drink of their choice and they mark down their scorings on this rubric. Points are based out of five.”

“You made a fucking rubric?” Richie snorted.

“No, I did,” Stan said with a very pointed glare.

“The categories are !” Ben interrupted before Richie could make fun of Stan. “Taste, originality, and presentation.”

“Isn’t that j-just the rules for Iron Chef Am-merica?” Bill asked.

“Iron Chef America only has originality and presentation because the food is automatically gonna taste good,” Eddie said before opening the door for the Losers to go inside. He put hand sanitizer on his hands immediately after.

Each Loser got their drink, Ben sucking down his frappuccino quickly.

“This tastes fucking disgusting, Jesus,” Stan said, taking another sip of his Americano for good measure before spitting it out on the sidewalk.

“Okay so Stan is going to mark this terribly,” Mike said with a laugh.

"It's disgusting Mike!" Stan groaned. "How the fuck do you mess up an Americano?"

"Apparently it's possible," Mike said, staring at Stan lovingly.

"It really isn't that bad," Eddie said with a shrug, taking another sip of his coffee.

"Eddie Spaghetti!" Richie exclaimed. "Are you switching sides? Are you abandoning me?"

"Rich, nothing could ever beat Dutch Bros."

"G-gimme your scores," Bill said from a table, stirring his iced coffee.

"Fake fan!" Richie exclaimed. "Fake fucking fan!"

"Beep beep Richie," Stan grumbled as he handed Bill his rubric. "We're headed to Timmy's next."

*

"We want Tim Bits! We want Tim Bits!" Richie, Eddie, and Beverly chanted as they sat in the back of the shared van the Losers had slowly scraped money to buy.

“Y-you’ll get your f-fucking Tim B-bits!” Bill shouted from the driver’s seat. “Jesus f-fucking Christ,” he grumbled.

Bill parked the car jerkily and the three most immature Losers dashed out of the car into the store.

“How many boxes are we going to get?” Richie asked, bouncing up and down on his heels.

“At least one each,” Beverly said with a wide grin, looking at the array of donut holes before her.

“I need a flat white,” Stan groaned as he shuffled to the front of the line.

“And I need to pee,” Mike said before dashing to the bathroom.

“Oh f-fuck,” Bill groaned before turning to Beverly, Richie, and Eddie. “You guys better p-pee now, we are *not* stopping for b-bathroom breaks on the w-way to Seattle.”

“That’s definitely going to be an issue,” Ben said before stepping in line to order. The three Losers ran quickly to the bathroom, knowing that Bill wouldn’t let them order their precious Tim Bits if they didn’t pee first.

“You know that they’re going to need to pee every five seconds once

we get back in the car, right?” Stan said as he picked up his drink from the counter. Bill sighed as he stared at the overhead menu.

“Y-yeah.”

*

Half an hour into the ride down to Seattle, there was a grumble from the back of the van.

“I need to pee,” Richie whined.

“Yeah so do I,” Eddie mumbled into Richie’s shoulder. The smaller boy had been trying to fall asleep.

“Too bad,” Stan said from the passenger seat. “You’re gonna hold it, you just went while we were at Timmys.”

“This is abuse,” Richie groaned. “Fuck I really need to pee.”

“Hold it Rich,” Eddie mumbled before snuggling closer to Richie.

“I can’t,” the boy whined, looking down at Eddie. Richie carefully moved a bleary-eyed Eddie from off of his shoulder before laying wrapping one side of his leather jacket around him and holding him close.

“Hold it Richie,” Eddie grumbled, his nose rubbed against Richie’s neck before snores came out of his nose.

“Just for you Eds,” Richie said with a smile. Two hours later, the dilemma was raised again.

Eddie’s head was now in Richie’s lap and Mike was starting to drift off. Stan was rotating through different radio stations and they had gone through the border about half an hour ago. Richie still needed to pee.

He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, trying desperately to not wake Eddie up, he was unsuccessful.

“Sorry Eds,” Richie said, staring down at the boy in his lap.

“It’s okay,” Eddie said, his voice raspy as he rubbed his eyes. “How long have I been out?”

“Not too long,” Richie said, helping sit Eddie back up. “We’ll be there in another couple of hours.”

“M’kay,” Eddie said, leaning his head back against his headrest.

“Fuck I need to pee,” Richie groaned.

“Hold it Richie!” Stan demanded from the front of the van.

“I can’t!” Richie protested. “It’s been hours, I can’t feel my bladder or my dick!”

“Come on Richie,” Ben pleaded, looking at Richie from over his shoulder. “It’s only a few more hours.

“I can’t you guys,” Richie shook his head so fast he looked like an aggressive bobble-head. “I can’t do it, I can’t do it.”

“D-don’t you f-fucking dare pee in the v-van!” Bill yelled from the driver’s seat, his knuckles white from gripping the steering wheel tightly.

“Mike,” Richie looked at the dark-skinned boy in front of him. Mike nodded. “Hand me that empty water bottle.”

“Oh fuck no!” Eddie shouted, scooching closer to Beverly. “You aren’t going t-”

“When you need to go, you need to go!” Richie crowed, snatching the empty plastic bottle out of Mike’s hand.

“Oh god,” Eddie groaned, hiding his face in Beverly’s hair so he wouldn’t witness what was about to happen. All of the Losers turned away from Richie, as Stan began to yell.

“Richie if you get piss all over this goddamn car I will make you clean up every single fucking drop do you understand me oh my fucking g-”

“Do you know how unsanitary this is Richie?” Eddie shrieked causing Beverly to cover her ears. The van was filled with the sound of liquid hitting plastic and the loud chaos of shouting voices joined in.

“What the fuck Richie!” Beverly laughed as she held Eddie.

“Sweet sweet release,” Richie moaned, precariously holding his dick over the water bottle.

“I hate all of you,” Stan said as he stared out of the passenger window. “I fucking hate all of you, why am I friends with you wh-”

“You’re using so much hand sanitizer after this!” Eddie said, still refusing to look at Richie.

“I’m putting the lid back on Spaghetti,” Richie said. Eddie peeked over at the boy next to him. “You know, I always knew you were into piss play,” he said with a wink.

“You’re fucking disgusting!” Eddie yelled. “What the fuck is wrong with you? Do you have any idea how bad that is for you? What the fuck Richard? What the f-”

The van jostled as Bill ran over something. Apparently the lid on the water bottle wasn't tight enough because.

"OH GOD IT'S IN MY FUCKING EYE!" Eddie screamed as Richie cackled. "OH GOD OH FUCK OH GOD OH FUCK OH FUUUC-"

*

A few hours after the piss incident, the Losers were pulling into a parking lot. A blue building was in front of them with a coffee cup and tulips plastered all over it.

"Okay w-we're here you sh-shits," Bill said as he took the van out of ignition. Richie, Eddie, and Beverly began to whoop like kindergarteners.

"I'm totally getting a freeze," Eddie said as he dashed into the restaurant. Richie's eyes were glued on his toned legs.

As the rest of the Losers walked into the establishment, Mike's eyebrows knit together in confusion.

"Where's the full menu?" he asked, noticing that the menu seemed rather bare bones. Beverly let out a chuckle.

“Look it up online,” she said before getting in line. Ben’s jaw dropped as he saw the list of drinks when he looked over Mike’s shoulder.

“Holy shit, you need a chemistry degree to work here!” he exclaimed. “Also, how the fuck do they get their drinks to look like that? They’re practically fluorescent.”

“Everything here is overly sweet,” Eddie replied before taking a sip of his bright blue frozen drink before he winced. “Fucking brain freeze.”

“It’s called a freeze for a reason Eds,” Richie said before clinking their drinks together.

The rest of the Losers grabbed their drinks before they headed back to the van.

“Wait,” Mike said. “Which chain won the competition?” All of the Losers let out hums of agreement except for Bill.

“I m-may or may n-not have accidentally threw away th-the rubrics,” Bill trailed off.

“Bill!” Stan shouted, whacking him on the shoulder.

“But this was fun!” Ben said, trying to calm Stan down. “We had fun!”

“Let’s go downtown,” Richie said, throwing an arm over Eddie’s shoulder. “I need to show Eddie MoPOP.”

“What’s MoPOP,” Eddie asked. Richie and Beverly shared a wicked grin.

“You’ll see,” Beverly said, with a wild twinkle in her eye. And off the Losers went on another sugar filled adventure.

Author's Note:

Yes the pee scene was inspired by Paper Towns (the book was better than the movie). Find me on Tumblr @marsisaplanetyall